I can see your fingers twitching
To write a worthless elegy for me
Ink my blood you shed with glee.
I can see your fingers twitching
To as a self-incurred tragedy frame me
Existence my hamartia per your decree.
I can see your fingers twitching
To shift the blame of my butchering on me
In your meandering think-piece yet to be.

They will never apologize, they will never feel regret
There will be no resolution, there will be no third act,
There will be upon them no karmic punishment beset
As what they did to you to others they reenact
As you hope with time for the memories to fade away
The threads sewing shut the unhealing wound will decay
As they're replaced again and again, so goes the routine
As you can be no more than a self-destructive, self-repairing machine.

My bones are black
And my blood and meat: greenish-blue cyan,
I'm made of negativity, I'm the inverted woman.

All that you've done
Will come back to haunt with their interest due,
Cause if every dog has its day, this bitch will have hers too.

When your doomsday comes
I will drink from the bleeding trees, and make pretty trinkets with mirth
Using the shards of the stars of the heavens that will crash into your earth.

“Accelerationism”

Push in the arrowhead further, harder-
Must break through the skin to the other side.
Push push push, with much more ardor, ardor-
Agony's laisure break but suicide.

I know it's you, baby, with another new face
You say the same things, present the same case
You're a hive mind, you're an eldritch being
You're the monster from whom I am ever-fleeing.

I know these patterns, what happens next,
You and me stuck in this perpetual hex.
This gruelling nightmare, this crushing sorrow,
This never ending dark, that unborn morrow.

This would still be us in any other land,
You are my curse, my familiar quicksand.
You are what all my past accumulated equals,
The formulaic bad ending to all my sequels.

"Down bad, Down Low"

The son to whom passed the father's sins
Trods through the apple forest and begins
To feel starvation at his stomach gnaw
Looking at the fruits, drooling down the jaw
He denies himself still the contentful bite
Lest further he falls, fearing the watchful sight.

But the forest path does not seem to end
And time the traveler's spirit does bend
He bites an apple as it still hangs from the tree
And to the half eaten fruit he makes plea
To cover the marks of teeth with leaves
And the forbidden fruit, forbidden from bleeding
Unheard- it keeps its silent pleading
Unclaimed, its own pain alone it grieves.

The system subsumes a thousand good souls
Who let go of their righteous dreams and goals
Who cannibalize on their own brothers
(Their sacrifice means butchering others)
Hoping for power enough to bring change
Their ethos they continue to estrange
The need for greater yet power drives whom
To seek greater fuel of flesh to consume

"CAN YOU DO THIS ALL DAY? CAN YOU DO THIS ALL DAY?
CAN YOU DO THIS ALL DAY LONG?"

BLOODIED KNUCKLES, BRICK WALLS
CHIP AWAY, CHIP AWAY
BREAK YOUR BONES AND SMASH YOUR SKULLS
CHIP AWAY, CHIP AWAY.
BENEATH THE PAINT: THE BRICKS ARE RED,
LET US MAKE THE SURFACE SAME,
SMASH THE BOARD WHILE YOU'RE AHEAD,
CAN'T BEAT THEM AT THEIR GAME.
SO, CHIP AWAY AND CHIP AWAY,
THOUGH THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS IT WON'T SWAY,
YOU CAN BREAK YOURSELF ON YOUR OWN TERMS,
BETTER THAN BENDING KNEES TO VILE CAPTOR WORMS.

"Copzilla"

Sound grenade earthquakes advance toward you-
A giant that takes uncaring steps and
Crushes underneath all that he does view
As petty, unruly, and to be shunned.

You and I must go into the fray, friend
Withstand all his rubber bullet hailstorms
And we must before our wounds we can tend
We must as his great death-wreakage he performs

We must we must we must we must-
Look at the giant in the eyes.
Look at the giant in the eyes.
Look at the giant in the eyes.

All cognitions will so erode away,
All stabilities will so start to sway,
Your dead kin are all too small in number
To be considered part of the "masses"
And so those liberators will slumber
And they'll sit on their fat fucking asses.

“Punitive Imitations”

I'm now a closed loop, and in disconnect
With your order of law and punishment.
I judge myself guilty and thus correct
Myself by my own unkind discernment.
Imprisoned in the dark cell I have made
I try forgetting your dungeon's damp air.
I become my foe and myself invade-
Break myself to spite what you did repair.

Staring contest with God,
Knife in hand determined to win
I keep cutting my eyelids off
But they keep growing back
And the discarded flesh
Floods the purgatory ground

“It’s been July All My Life”

For a month all the people around me
Felt anxiety, fear and loss' wild spree.
So did I too, this familiar feeling
I am well experienced with dealing
Be it cops or be it transphobes' ire-
My status quo is situations dire,
So was it before and so will it be.
But it was still a change of air to see
The majority grip with everyday
A prison world, all colorless and gray.
There was an odd feeling, for the first time:
My line with theirs made a suitable rhyme
We belonged to the same sonnet verse,
Afterwards, the harmony did disperse.

How many unattended clinic beds?
Laid on the vomit and blood speckled threads
How many trans people so lonely spent-
Ignoring the dying and the dead's scent,
In the prison for the hurt and diseased,
Their minds with no distractions to be eased,
Lest their partner anyone discovers-
Days untouched by visits from their lovers.
Who were all too embarrassed to be seen
With those whom in cleaner sheets they had been
With the flesh and the meat they had consumed
Behind the doors and away from all eyes,
The flesh and meat now discarded and doomed-
That's how the young tranny without care dies

The dam does not give the river its right
For it to keep flowing on day and night,
The dam is not the kind liberator
Neither is its monstrous operator.
And I, the sentient river, beg you not
To allow me to be and to do aught,
I give you my own kind final warning:
Break these shackles or hear your death bell ring.

"Beg Thee Not on Trains, Work Thee Not with NGOs"

Heaven's banquet denied to them,
All trees fenced high, but one which stem
Unguarded lies and so tells me the bruit
Fed those wretches on the forbidden fruit.
To starvation nature-decreed deny,
On forbidden nature they put their eye.
Fie, fie. Fie, fie. Fie, fie. Fie, fie.

They seek not for farmers an easy life
But against tomatoes direct their strife.
Devil's blood they call its sauce and shiver
And beg the Lord for them to deliver
To heaven- as they turn earth an worse hell,
For in their power's places aliens dwell
And they seek to repossess the old whip
To swing it themselves and so fondly grip
The weapon now at foreigners' strange hands
That still now upon the old torn backs lands.

The horrors won't stop you in the tracks
Your heart won't stop beating on its own
Nor will the lungs pause their inhaling.
The legs won't give out with no one behind
To stop the face-fall concrete.
The muscles won't stop responding
To the unceasing signals of your brain
Not matter how appropriate it would seem.
And ever-uncollapsed, bearing Earth's weight
Atlas will wonder if his burden be truly heavy

It is the law of retaliation:
That causes in violence hesitation
As the bloodthirsty lot pauses and wonders
Whether to let the lightnings and thunders
Out and smite all their loathed enemies' home
Upon which was built and so did fall Rome.

"Eye for an eye" is an apt warning sign:
Violence escalated suits none fine.
But the law was built for masters, not slaves
And so the master plays victim and raves
When the violence reaches to him too
Even unlegalized some laws stay true.

Let us perpetuate the cycle, friend
For one side to give up first spells their end
We must carry killing each other on
Splatter red the firmament dusk and dawn.

Let us not save the other hated eye
War-letters writ in braille for you and I
And let us leave this sunless planet blind
All love and all hate open, unconfined.

“Only Way This Ends”

My sweetest dreams are of apocalypse-
I live life in spite, to not let eclipse
The length of your survival that of mine-
But doomsday will lay us both on the shrine
Of Death, no more contest, but a stalemate-
The same end for both the queer and the straight

"Guys, I Think... Trannies Might be Humans Too!!! Wow Wow Wow, Wow."

Trapped in the cannibal's basement a girl
Pleads to him, "But I am a human too"
And he gives her hairlock a gentle twirl
And tells the amputee, "I always knew!"

Zoomies of the domesticated pet passes
As wildness and ferality to the masses.
Yours is a derangement dull and banal
Knuckles that hit punching bags, never the wall
Tyranny bound within borders by others set
But I am in need of worse monsters yet.

It is the fate of every man to fall
Samaritans, the malevolent -all,
Matter not whether evil or good deeds
Death and decay's humiliation feeds
On the mighty giant and the weak gnat,
We who are powerless merely point at
Fallen evil to tell ourselves and lie
The universe is our judge and ally

“Fascist Aesthetics”

They wrench from your hands: last remnants of joy.
Inside their factory, whittling away
(They turn you into a mere thing of play)
At your personhood like a wooden toy.

Standards of the company you must meet,
Neatly arranged, pleasing any who sees
You must look like the other amputees
(Cover up the stench of your rotting meat)

And sing: "O master, throw me not away,
Not to the fiery junkyard, but a place
In your glorious memento-box's grace-
This my only wish, for which I so pray"

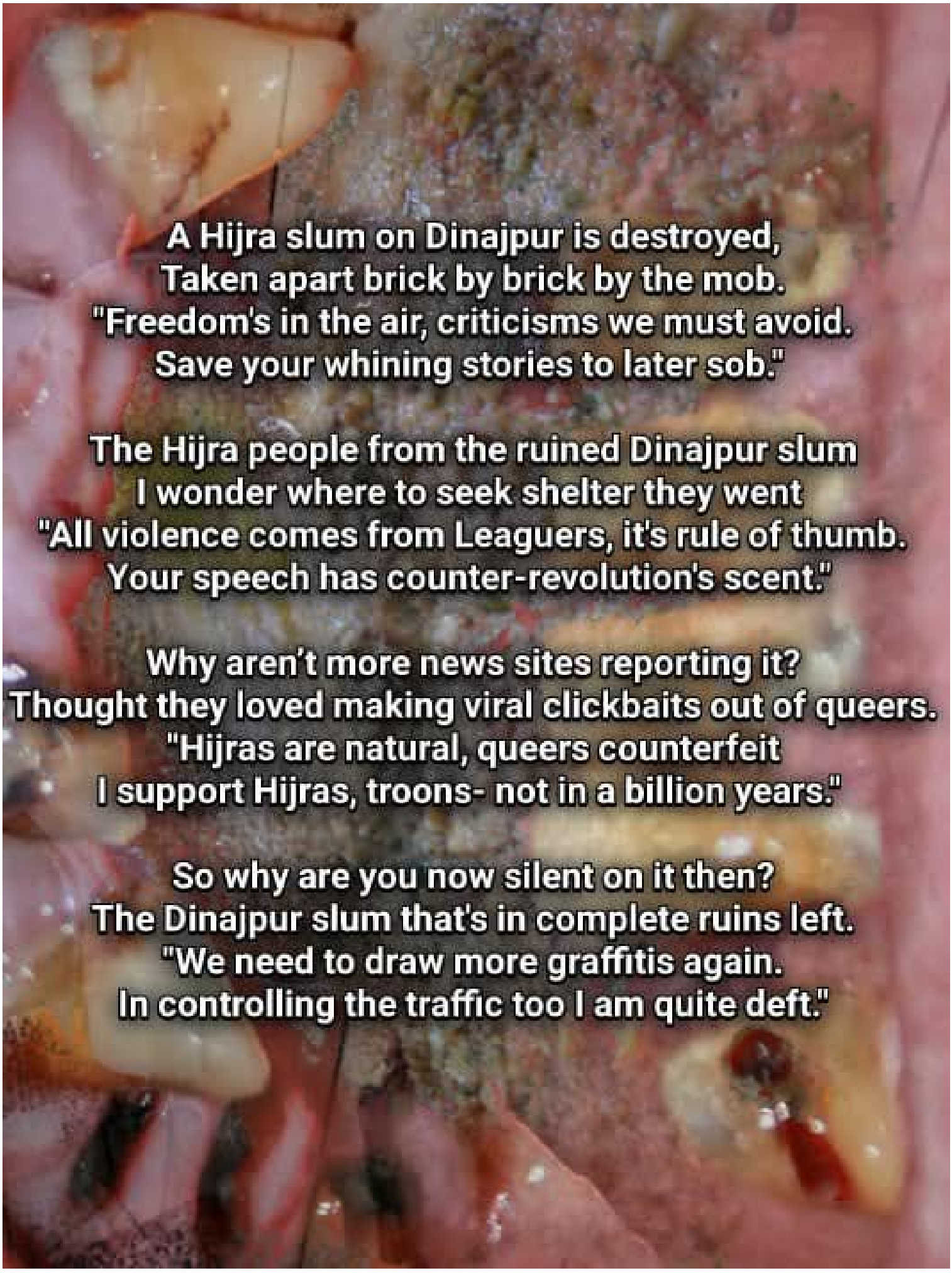
They've surgically removed joy from you
And made the tinbox- joy's mirage in lieu.

What percentage does the statistic say?
What is the reason at the end of the day?
Those that drank of the poisoned well-
Was it the water that them did quell?
Is it not the liquid's sins that iron rust?
Then think of the poison why you must?
Think not of those who defiled either
The only source of life thither
And while your sweetened juice you sip
Wonder why they can't drinking skip.
After choice and dignity in life denying
Mock them you can for at the end trying
To find those by escaping to an eternal peace-
Yours is to control every fold and crease.

Backstore meat you don't display at the shop
If they catch you eat it, in the trashcan drop.
Everybody wants a bite of the backstore meat
Supply chain broken by the people who demand it.
Backstore meat you don't share with the family
You don't put it on the table for all to see.
Backstore meat you chew in the dark
Floss it off your teeth, leave no mark.

"solutions are for problems, this is just fate"

This maze is just a four-foot tall steel cage
Quick wit was never gonna get you out
Cramped shut you realize it wasn't about
Ever solving puzzles, nary a sage
Could have escaped hither without the key
Never was there a labyrinth for thee


A Hijra slum on Dinajpur is destroyed,
Taken apart brick by brick by the mob.
"Freedom's in the air, criticisms we must avoid.
Save your whining stories to later sob."

The Hijra people from the ruined Dinajpur slum
I wonder where to seek shelter they went
"All violence comes from Leaguers, it's rule of thumb.
Your speech has counter-revolution's scent."

Why aren't more news sites reporting it?
Thought they loved making viral clickbaits out of queers.
"Hijras are natural, queers counterfeit
I support Hijras, troons- not in a billion years."

So why are you now silent on it then?
The Dinajpur slum that's in complete ruins left.
"We need to draw more graffitis again.
In controlling the traffic too I am quite deft."

"Smiling Fascist"

The fascist smiling, speaking soft, rehearsed well in his mannerism
Sits himself with coziness next to other fascists without schism
And with all his niceness, sweet as a pie
He declares, "I'm just as open minded as the next guy!"

The picker and chooser of ideology contradicting
Protecting the status quo is a task he finds addicting,
When the exploited raise their voice for change
He finds their wish to live with dignity strange.

The pyramid of hierarchy he finds quite neat
Long as there are enough suckers below his feet,
As long he can stand on top of some, if not all
And fearing from the great height his fall-
He protests against the dismantling of the structure
Telling tall tales, that it would cause civilization to fracture.

"Eggshell Roads, Fickle Bastards, and the Guard You Can't Ever Lay Down"

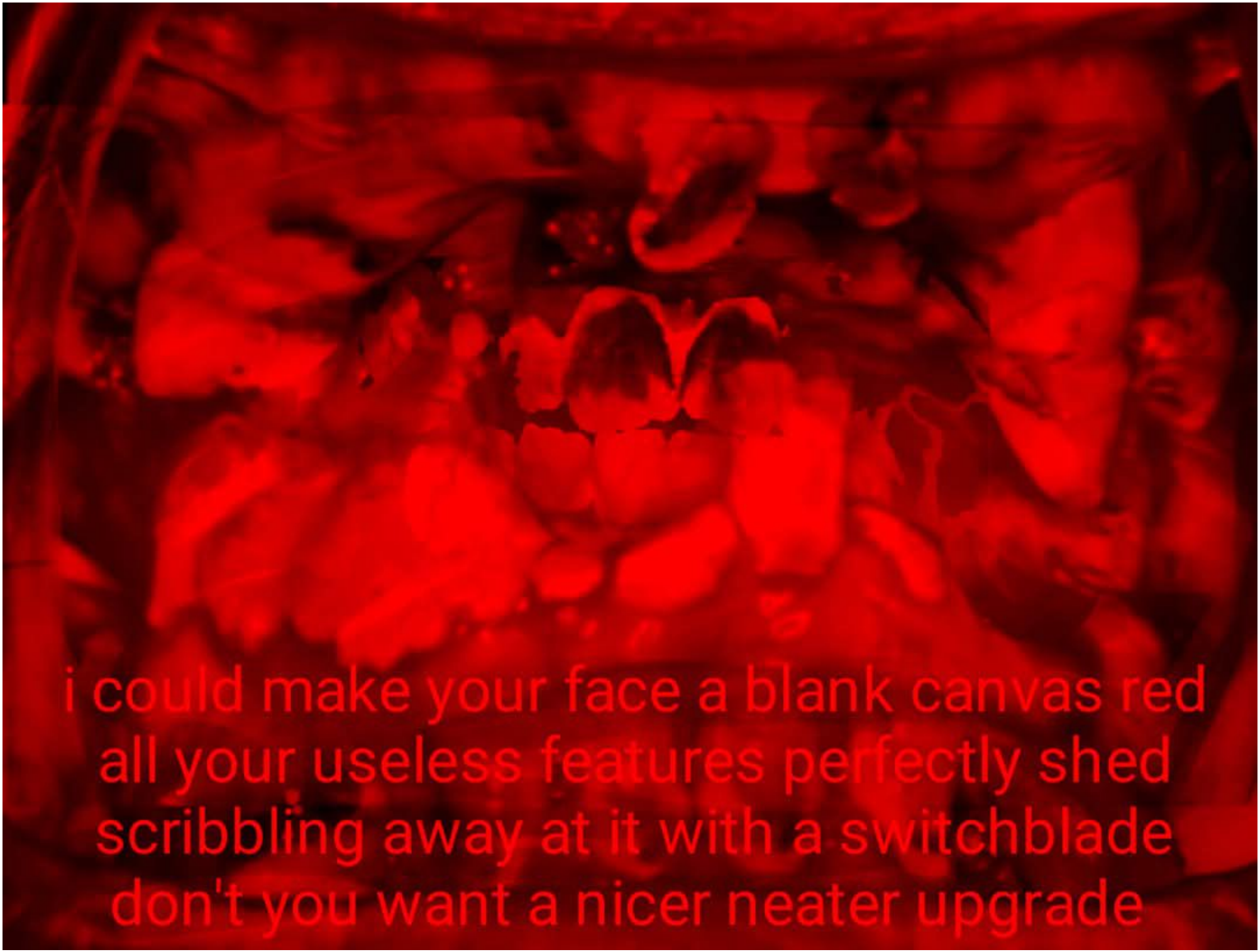
One sermon away from disaster,
One sermon away from death,
Your friends, your family: from one sermon away
Calling blasphemous the air expelled by your breath.

In goes the money to the lobbyists, the think-tanks,
If but one rich man sees your lot as an infection.
One payment away from the mob to turn
Into wolves and join merrily in your dissection.

A pulsating sickness right in the guts
That survives gluttony and starvation.
And a fishbone inside the skull that cuts
Into every feeling and sensation.
Inside the bones an unreachable itch,
Maybe the perfect home to a borer.
And a covering of skin and fat which
Conspires to bury some secret horror.

Maybe the twin cannibalized at womb
Has been growing inside you all along,
Maybe you are its living shell or tomb-
Lest it seeks justice for its suffered wrong
You must kill it before it escapes you
And hide your great sin from the public view.

You're no more than a grey hair on my head
And a passing disappointed sigh
Maybe a pothole where I tread
Or a gross noisy housefly


i could make your face a blank canvas red
all your useless features perfectly shed
scribbling away at it with a switchblade
don't you want a nicer neater upgrade

If the first man to kill was just a product of his time,
Was his brother not also a soul of his age?
No, wash his hands of blood and crime
And put your own self into a cage.
Hear him with play and mirth say
As around your ankles you wear his chain,
"You keep being Abel every day,
And I'll stick with my role of Cain."

Was the world not already blind
To the first eye that was taken?
That law was for masters designed,
Justice had the slaves forsaken.
The blood debt of a thousand years
Can't be paid with another eye,
Let gore replace those drops of tears
And the cheeks never let run dry.

"Unrealistic Demands"

Like a parasitic worm trying to leave its host
Tunneling my way through the layers of meat
And fat inside reality's body- the least my most
cherished desire, for a breath of fresh air I beat
My chest in despair, to show their friends my face,
Hands held unabashed, among their kin a place,
In hospitals a caring visit, in funeral a mournful prayer.

"Continuous Revolution"

They say "no war but class war" as they so
Kick you down their class and keep you below.
"They're coming from the bottom to the top!"
Pit in their pit out of which you can't hop.

The strategy of the sage populist:
Liberation for some, for you the fist.
And so, fight their fight but do remember:
In time, their limbs too you must dismember.

The toy that pays the price when it's bought
And compensates for itself when you break it
And as you scratch your finger on the plastic shard
And go crying to your parents over the grand injustice,
Is kicked at by them to comfort you
And when thrown in the garbage
Will recycle itself and remould its shape
Into something it hopes would deter spoiled brats
But as ever be again despite its wish an object
Of someone else's possessive inclination-
Repeating ad infinitum

Would you like to keep feeling my skin?
Do you like the texture of my flesh so?
Your pocket do you wish to carry around it in?
Let me slice a piece of it up for you to stow.

Once it's detached I wouldn't have to feel it
And you could hold it whenever your fancy fits
And my memories I can once again omit
And at long last we can be quits.

The problem isn't that my people will die
But they never will, never an end nigh
For this crowd, they will come back every time
Their sorrow and plight will once again rhyme
With the previous generation which
Withered away, was consumed by the rich.

The rich hold slaves like Romans did in Rome
The same rich people whose imposed cultures
Taught their parents to kick them out of home-
Onto streets and slums where fly the vultures
Ever-eager for the illegal meat
That they condemn but nonetheless do eat.

The rich abhor not the act, rather they
Hate just the identity, for it may
Lead to solidarity, the desire
To be more than products to a buyer.
And thus queerphobia they must maintain
For it ever ensures their supply chain.
Because they always have plenty to spend,
But never enough commitment to lend.

You have made us the weakened links
Hammered away till we formed chinks
Drowned us, we choked and rusted-
You say we're not to be trusted
Now that we break, in turn the chain
We decompose- whom you had slain.

What did the chain bind? And for whom?
As you so condemned us to doom-
Why did you never strengthen us?
Why had you weakened us then thus?

She's probably thinking of ways to undermine me
Is it not a great tragedy, love mine?
That we would have had less arguments sore,
You would've enjoyed my company more-
Had you met me before I grew a spine.

On the festering wound-pit of my soul
Maggots in the crater meet, feed and breed
The whole of who I was is obsolete
The worms in my heart myself supersede.

You used the body of my kin to build
Staircase to the mirage of your heaven
And you want me to be but with hate filled
As you stand on the pearly gates seven
But I'll set fire to the bodies you've killed
And ascending, it'll have much ichor spilled.

You who never tried climbing heavens' stairs
Content in your facile purgatory
Deserve not for your loneliness my tears
Deserve no stolen valor, nor glory-
You were never kicked out of Godly grace
Yourself you did condemn and so debase

Thousand years old document takes away
Your family, your rights, your love, your life
"It is just the superstructure" they say
As if it lessens any of your strife.
The constitution they never follow
Not completely in their worldly conduct
It's all performance to show, all hollow-
You a mere sacrifice for their construct.
The Aztec killed their children for the sun
Past monarchs entombed their slaves alive
And so will they disallow you to thrive
Butchered just to keep the culture war fun.
What meaning to be extracted from there?
Your life robbed to pay culture war's fare.
They know by heart they're lying as they lie
They know it's worthless much as they deny.

Their swords and spears have become starvation
The weapon which keeps you at your station
Homelessness their destructive catapult-
"You tried to unionize: reap your result."

The rights you'd have taken by force before
Now they deny, make you perform and whore
For crumbs of comfort they make you sell out
And make you your own degradation spout.

There's no answer but death to this question
With great violence fight their repression
Meet your doom, also realize theirs too
Or indignity keeps on to accrue.

You have no tomorrow, same make their fates
Die in glory, for Valhalla awaits.

“How the Children are Treated”

Over there, Oedipus killed his father
But here, Rustum instead slaughters his son
Here, the future is always a bother
Beat it to death, and don't stop till you're done.

I'll have you know of Chrysippus' tale too
He was abducted by Oedipus' sire
The child was raped, his death-curse would undo
Thebes, plague it and set its ruins to fire

Here too the curses of children amass
Soon will the reckoning day come to pass
Chrysippus and Sohrab's ghosts hand in hand
Will possess the youth and justice demand.

Unless we break from mythos of the past,
Disinherit ourselves a wasteland vast.

On my suicidal friends I used the same phrases
All words of your support sound like cliches
No comfort and no hope can rhetoric decree
There is certain doom and lo, there is me.

Oxytank should be by now empty without trace
I am a cosmonaut stranded in space
So is it not the most tiring-mad puzzle then?
My heart keeps beating as such and again.

Thing about poems is that you can say
Whatever you want and express yourself you may.
All your extreme expressions are but mime
As long as there's some semblance of meter and rhyme.

I want to kill every breathing thing on this earth
Annihilation cries out for its birth.
This pus-wart of existence on the face of void
Begs to be scratched away and destroyed.

"Revel in Your Inferiority"
Behold: the greater good man,
All of his evils are necessary and
All the horrors he inflicts upon you
Are part of a grand righteous plan.

Deny all his doings wrong
And justify the ones you can't,
Against the face of accountability
You must hold your ground strong.

If he ever walks all over you
Don't you dare screech a stricture,
He doesn't have time for trivialities
He's looking at the bigger picture.

His abuse is punishment
And his punishment - correction,
If you ever catch him being a hypocrite
It's his wisdom beyond your comprehension.

Behold: the greater good man of yore
Raised high in his pedestal so sublime
And although it's reproduced the same every era
Call the pillar blood-soaked a product of its time.

The masses he has slaughtered
Call it the sacrifice of the butcher
Call it an impossible choice he just had to make
Coat it amply with sugar.

He's not vile, he's just complex
To criticize him is to be childish
His malevolence filled with nuance
Context renders his immorality stylish.

Look at the lives he has laid to waste
Look at the ground he has razed
Declare it all casualty realistic
To the naivety of dissenters express distaste.

Idolize his actions bare minimum
And yourself do even less than them
As you can't be held to such standards high
Those that try better- mock and condemn.

The powerful man of your present ,
He might massacre you and your kin one day
And the excuses you made for his avatars past
The same for him the future generation will say.

So lick the boots of these leaders with all of your being
Cut off your tongue, sew it to one of their soles
As all the great men do, we must too
Play out our expected roles.

If you worship them ardently enough
And rationalize their atrocities by heart
You too can in this way
Be of their greatness a small part.

"Dreams of the End"

When the sea invades the desertified land
With mountainous crushing waves
The first and only vacation we will ever get
For a few seconds, it will turn into the beach-
Wherever we spent our lives toiling away.

The cleavers of our kins' meat and bones
Left with no more future than you or I
Their bloodied blades, the unused drones
Will all rust away in the oceans' new home.

Layers of earth will shake and crumble
All the buildings of fear and control to dust-
All raging fiery pits extinguished by the brine and
Portal adorning pearls will swim along the fishes.

Day by day, gnosticism seems logical
Misanthropy becomes more appealing
Maybe we do deserve wounds unhealing
And our evil is ontological.

Bombs are the equalizer's tool
And fear must be fought with fear
Kings engage in folly just until a fool
With divine gore does the meadhall smear

"Influencer Rhyme"

Monetize your fifteen minutes' fame
Spotlights wane but light you can tame
Feeding not yourself but minorities to flame
"That burning flesh will burn forever" claim
"In the next world" and it'll the victims frame
As rightful kindling to illuminate your name
And the voracious algorithm will ever be game
In being complicit but never taking the blame

They kick the puppy and the coughing child-
They sacrilege, then exile the defiled
Bodies of undesirables to camps,
And lovers' foreheads they mark with doom's stamps

This is the wretched world that they have built
And if you live here without rage or guilt
And if you perform the same song and dance-
Tread over the trodden with every chance

One day you'll get what's fucking coming to you
One day you'll get what's fucking coming to you

And all this puritan talk of morals
And all these metaphorical laurels
Shall be replaced with mind-destroying pain
May what you give, a thousandfold you gain

On the alter asking for no sacrifice,
Many lives are laid.
Butcher playing with cleaved human meat
Fancies himself a master of chess.
The draughty land keeps drying as it should
No rain will offer it grace.
Flooded red may the killing ground be,
Gory wetness does not spread.

"Original Sin"

Only in autopsies they show their red
Caged within ribs, veiled by flesh
In the darkness as they hammer away
All our hearts are black

Damned may I be,
Yet no less holier than thee
Yours are not loves
Closer to nature than mine
Nest not ye on branches of trees
Nor live in caves, fearful of fire
Nor ye live without becoming complicit
In the horrors that perpetuate your rulers

Saw the train coming while walking on its track,
Tried getting off its path but it called back
And so the meat and the metal met in flirtation
And the siren and the engine and that vibration
Of the steel beneath sang in their industrial choir
"You will never find anyone better anyway."

And so the rotting flesh does cry, not for its pain
But for what it was told being right again and again

What meter, what rhyme, what poem could be
Enough to set this silent howling free?
There is nothing here but deep burning rage
No new synonyms left to say "I hate."
Infinite anger in lexicon's cage,
Ever unuttered and ever irate.

"Clive" and "Siraj-ud-Daulah" too for me
Are slurs just like that loathed Mir Jafar's name.
Let them go to hell, all who be lordly,
Humanity of destitutes reclaim.

"LOUD and C L E A R"

We want
A monopoly on revolution,
All others oppressed are a pollution
To our fascist circlejerk unity
And we must RESIST (with impunity)
Their conspiratorial plea for air
With our all-new PEOPLE'S STICK (just and fair)

Culture had once been a creature with life
It grew, changed, among the people ran rife.
Rulers took it, in name of preserving
Put it inside amber- unmoving, dead.
Deemed by them who is worthy, deserving
To hold its corpse, and who is too lowbred.

"To Suitors"

I can do this alone, and I can do this with thee
But not by myself if you do nothing but see
False presence, it's better to be truly solitary
But if you are there I need for you to carry
Me through the turbulences and you, I'll too
But my hand, you must hold it in public view
To be smote by the same stones flung toward me
And to burn in the same flames, you must agree.

Picking up the shards of the ever-falling sky
Littered on the ground like heavens' knives
We'll throw ourselves at each other with glee
And the glasses blue will get to have
Each their personal sunsets red

While consuming tales of invertebrates
Beware not to remove your spinal traits.
Unrealistic ideals aspire
The crawling maggot to scale the high spire.
Alexander the Great although I'm not,
Nor was he Achilles the Argonaut.
Stories now offer us our reflection
But we must become braver than fiction.

They fertilized the land with blood
To sow the crooked seeds of suburbs.
The foundation of all houses are built
With the rock that Cain his brother killed.
And so play on the untuned songs
Of unequal men and levelled lawns.

All this is the natural conclusion
To the two acts of your script's rhythm and beat
And monsters bred away in exclusion
Shall have their pound of human flesh to eat

No compromise, no solution,
No granting of absolution.
You who glorify martyrdom
Shall so live out your deadly psalm.

Your fallen state will justify
Those who pushed you down from the roof.
They live who are not meant to die-
There is no need for greater proof.

So close your eyes, slip away, child,
Fulfill your purpose in the world
And be scorned by those as "defiled"
Who the wheel of violence whirled

Yours is a passive, lazy hate.
Convenient - fits you into the slate.
Hate you benefit from displaying to the lot.
Aggrieved and surprised when it does not.
You let it go when it suits you to do so
And when it suits you, you let it grow.

My hate for you is an active ever-present one
The fuel that keeps me going, that will burn
Us both, when with excess of interest I return
That which you give me, the loathing I've won.

"Ode to Tardigrades"

The very soil of this earth is cursed
And also the sea in which is immersed
Horrors and injustices long forgotten,
In this reality ill-begotten
I take solace in the tardigrade's life
Micro-being, only creature free of strife
Untouched by ravages of capitalism
The one single undisturbed organism
Long may your species live, and long after
Doomsday- may what passes for your laughter
Ring through silent Ozymandias' realm-
Lifeless that nuclear winter may seem
But I know you'll be there, still surviving
After the death of giants, still thriving.

The torn flesh of those cannibalized
Fill the gaps of both our teeth
But you take more than your share
While shaming me for eating human meat.
All horrors justified by a greater horror still,
All exploitation justified by a greater exploitation unfixed.

“কুইয়ারগুলা সিনেমার শেষে মরলে ঠিক আছে”

In the scripts of tragic films are we trapped,
Which sympathize not with our plight- they're rapt
In the task of pointing at us to say
(After outlawing us) that "Crime doesn't pay.
Never thou be a tranny nor a gay."

So they twist into cautionary tales
Our loves and our lives, with myriad ails
Which they have themselves caused, all just to shed
Their worthless crocodile tears for the dead
Whose social murder paints all their hands red.

Let us make this vow then, my love, and hark:
We'll scribble over with crayons the mark
Of doom that they've sealed onto our joined fate
And when they bring their camera and crew
With their nice hefty profit motive too
We will spring to life with our righteous hate
From their tales of miserable sorrow
Assigned to our today and tomorrow
And we'll set fire to the film set and we'll
The filmmakers, the cast, the extras kill.

"Kill the Panopticon"

These walls have ears
Connected to a single brain that fears
Us as much as we fear it
And if we all yell at once, its myringa will split.
And there are more walls than there are ears
There are more walls than there are ears.

Or Will You Perish Like a Dog

Love is not just love around here
Hate's colors are gaudier than rainbows
There is no happy ending near
And their slow change is slower than death's blows.

Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth,
Let the world's features to be plucked away.
No debate, no discourse, uncouth,
Let's fight to death whom we could never sway.

When the self-assigned sheriffs from their horses high descend
And walk into town bringing thunder and storm,
If the overture to violence they perform
I swear I will play the orchestra to its end.
I let the words wash over me but with enough time
Even water makes a living body rot,
Hate speech needs just a word to grow up into hate crime
The advocates of devil, they'll nod and say, "the victim got only what they wrought!"

“Political and Personal”

Death rolled down the streets with his round four limbs,
Death in the hands of men sang choral hymns.
I trespassed his abode, I vandalized
All his belongings and I equalized
Death with a death fashioned after my heart,
In memoriam those it made depart.

And then there came you, after everything
Demanding control and to be called king.
I who am a giant, you wish to mold
And I, who dwarf you, you seek to enfold,
Subsume into your being, make paltry
But I have felled deities, I shall thee.
Had there been a world where you didn't that try,
Would have been made small neither you nor I.

"Defend. Deny. Depose."

Plenty aristocrats were slain at first
Before the French did revolt en masse-
Plenty tsars put down by those who had durst,
Before Romanovs were handed their ass.

So go forth my little adventurists,
Pay no heed- what Lenin or Trotsky says-
And put down as many capitalists
As you can before weekly decades' days.

You are as much a historical force
As are those who refuse to you endorse.
So, my lovelies, go- drench the streets in blood,
Wash away the world's filth with righteous flood.
Keep those lowly maggots in constant fear
Who hold all their wealth a little too dear.

Like the unseen bug that's crushed underneath
The uncaring step of the sandaled foot
You don't even know how your laws bequeath
Misery to my life, render it moot.

I have felt your teeth on my tender flesh,
Each day I bear your gifted bruises fresh.
You don't even know my name, nor my face,
Me whom you so intimately debase.

When invisibility and safe space
Queer people as their life-support embrace:
Queers who are inherently visible
Are seen by them as life-threat, risible,
Deserving of condemnation, scorn, fear
To preserve their cherished safety so dear.
Lest the masses be reminded that they
Do indeed exist, much to their dismay.

Thus: the girly faggot, the manly dyke,
Also the tranny- they come to dislike.
And thus they blame their oppression onto
Those wretches, ones who suffer the most too.
That's how we cannibalize each other
And that's the way how brother kills brother.

Meet me in the realm of pure hate,
With open arms and black hearts
Will we greet each other.
Meet me in the realm of pure hate,
Without the delusion of civility,
Without the denial of your transphobia.
Meet me in the realm of pure hate,
Without the condescending sugar coating,
Without the softening of the words.
Meet me in the realm of pure hate,
With all the bile in your voice you can muster, do declare:
"Wretched filth, wretched filth, how I loathe you."
While I look into your eyes and tell you the same too.

"What if it was a slippery slope to..."
Is a question we're too often asked
When our lives we try to live true,
Bad faith is by worst cases masked.

"What if stifling us was a slippery slope..."
Is a question we should ask instead
"To poison in your food, corpses hung by rope,
Flesh in bellies of fishes, houses burning red."

“Might Is the Root Word in Almighty”

Eye for an eye is the game of the meek,
Broaden borders of the revenge you seek.
Let not the instigator control you,
Wrench from their body more than what is due.
Take the four limbs, the tongue, the nose, the ears,
The lower jaw, and then the source of tears.
Orchestra of violence is a boon,
Make not the overture the final tune.

It is not the answer, nor the question,
Violence is there in all expression.
It's the space between the words, each letter,
The punctuation, the phonemes’ fetter,
Vibrations in air, also the silence,
The exterior shell, the soul's essence.

It's neither fated nor escapable
For the impotent or the capable,
Omnipresent- as vacuum and air
Among all great and small things- fair, unfair.

The answer is not yes, no or maybe,
That's not up for you to decide, baby.
Take from my book, my love, instead a leaf
The only question is, "For which belief?"

"Venting is Less Embarrassing When in Verse"

Strung together by a decaying thread
I will tear, tear, tear. From toe to the head.
My innards will come plopping out, out, out
On to the floor, your clothes, your face and snout

If the first man to kill was just a product of his time,
Was his brother not also a soul of his age?
No, wash his hands of blood and crime
And put your own self into a cage.
Hear him with play and mirth say
As around your ankles you wear his chain,
"You keep being Abel every day,
And I'll stick with my role of Cain."

Brain that to be irony poisoned claims:
Soothly irony inebriated.
Less unhinged and more in a controlled space
Pretends to break taboos more taboofied
By their degrading speech that dares not
To confront evil, but those affected.

There was a man at whom children threw stones
Damaged earthly flesh, maybe broken bones.
Him an angel offered retribution,
But denied the violent solution
The man, who preferred for mercy to grace,
Empower, enlighten the human race.

Ages later, here we now occupy
A doomed world that maybe has gone awry.
And those who claim this kind man they follow
Can not his detractors's speech they swallow.
But speeches melt into air, stones are thrown
And who can redeem and who can atone
For the flood of blood that's to come our way
Here where vigilante killings hold sway.

I wish that things had accelerated,
For it to happen that which is fated
For the better or for the worse, care not
Qualitative change or the hangman's knot.

Each day it's harder and harder to live
World's ending but all the hope they can give:
"Change may come slow but so surely it comes"
As your kins prostitute and die in slums.

And they dance- make merry on the remains
Of the mutilated flesh still in chains
While inviting you to come and join in,
Asking you to wear a shiteating grin.

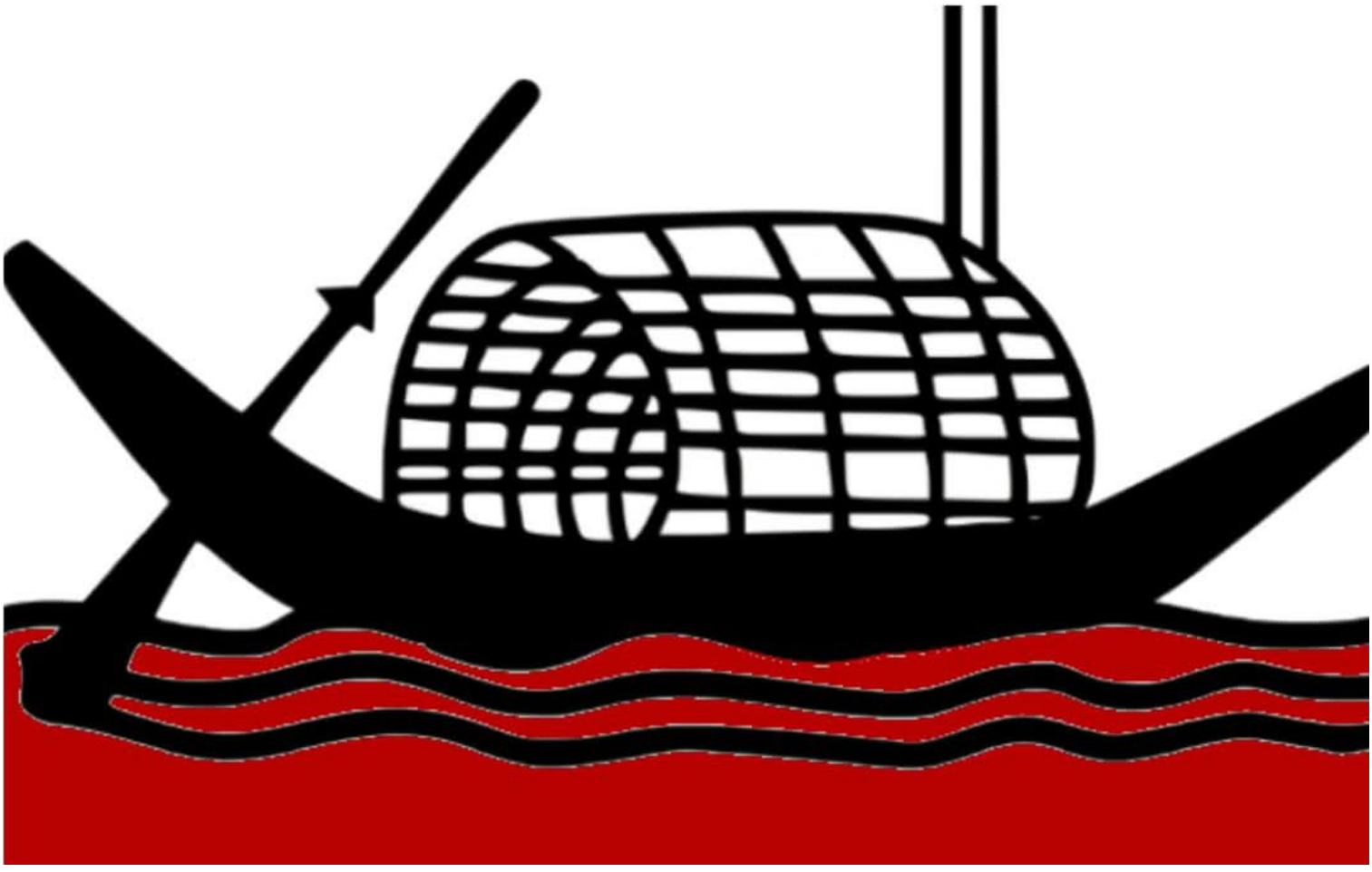
"Patronizing Exoticism"

Your cultural appreciation's a basement
In which you have held us starved and captive,
Sequestered from rest of the family's placement,
Forcing our lot to become adaptive.

We fed upon rats and you mocked us so
Now that we break open the door, behold and lo:
You call the cellar our age-old culture,
But all that I hear is the shrill of the vulture

The boat, on a sea of congealed blood
That neither makes waves nor harbors life,
May yet be unsunk but nonetheless mired-
Shall move toward neither whence it came
Nor whither it willed to go- but stranded rot.

And the boatsmen content may be for now
Will fall prey to dysentery, dehydration,
And starving they will cannibalize on kin-
And their plague will pale that of Atreus.



"Compromise For All"

Here comes the great compromiser, in resolving conflicts he has found his call
He stops the knave from unloading into you the full chamber of his pistol
He stops you too- from trying to fight, trying to run, trying to hide
And he says, "Meet me halfway, both of you, I'm on neither side!
For all your problems, all your disagreements, have I got a fix!
You stand still, and you shoot her in the head three times- rather than six."

"To Transphobes Moving West"

This my only curse that you are given
The same treatment which you have given me
That when you are abroad you are driven
To see the wretched world like how I see.

This my only curse that they stay silent
If you ever face horrors violent,
That when there you suffer injustice too
They behave like how you were wont to do.

"Exotic Pet"

I am the whipping girl,
I don't get to grieve all the little things that others do,
I don't get to have a past, present or future without pain,
I don't get to have my little sunset at the end of the day,
I get to be whittled away until there is nothing left
And you get to stomp and stamp like a spoiled little child
For not being able to own the remaining dust of me
While my grinded up scattered self reverberates
On the floor from the force of your feet
And you get to have people pat you on the back
And you get to be coddled for your fragility,
While I get to be mocked for my vulnerability.

“Apologies”

My mother tells me I'm not there
In the room we share, I stay mute.
In my best friend's eyes- drops of tear,
I give no solace, distanced brute.
You search for me inside my shell,
I told you, but you cannot tell:
There really is nothing there,
There is no comfort left to spare.

“Ulysses”

Left forgotten on a strange alien realm
With no homegoing ship for me to helm
Stranded lightyears away I dreamt of earth,
To return I strived to survive with mirth-
Withstood a warmer heat, a colder cold
And slowly the planet myself did mold
As I drank the sap of its toxic trees,
As my stomach its fauna did appease-
Lost my terran form and evolved beyond
Earth, humanity and familial bond.

When they returned for me I knew not
What they spoke, what they meant or what they thought.
They took me back where I was born and yet
Alienation had on myself beset.

Climatic scenes of tears duly performed,
Ignoring the patterns matching concerns,
Judging all the self-perceptions deformed-
Nostalgia of powerlessness returns.
Is this all not so earnest, earthly- warm?
Were all these tumults not your own home's norm?
Does it not bring back memories of yore?
There are always those greater heights to soar.

There is nothing more left for me to say
There is nothing more left for me to feel
Nothing I can without having to pay
With my death- and so I accept the deal.

No pain nor horror can ever hold fear
To those who have lost all that they hold dear,
Then how could your violent tyranny
Control the faggot or scare the tranny?

"Wisdom of repugnance", when the disgust factor
You apply to humans, be of their lives' detractor
They will feel much compelled
Their humanity to make beheld
But emphasizing one's own humanity
Comes with the cost
In the process one's own dignity
To be damaged and lost
And so here we are, stuck in this loop
Damned if I stand tall, damned if I stoop.

Same Old Song and Dance

.....

That we bleed from the cuts they made on our flesh
They use as proof to call us ill,
Theirs is the compromising progress
To use a hundred gashes, nary a thousand for the kill.
As they dance on our splattered gore do they cry,
"The invading cultures have led the youth awry!"
And in harmony with their dance the next door
Leaders of these "invading cultures" perform the same chore.
Would you like to hear then thus
This most cherished fantasy of mine?
To become the names they hold for us,
"Aberrations of nature, destroyers of civilization-
Distortion of the grand design."

"I'm not bigoted, but..."

The crocodile always sheds his tears,
While chomping on his preys
"No hard feelings! No ill meant!
Such is life!" he always says.
The corpses with their bones crushed to bits,
Can not their feelings declare
And the crocodile prefers it so,
Of them any less he could not care.
How many tears can the crocodile shed?
How long can he wring his hands?
With the blood of the dead the water turns red
And he pardons himself as his victims can't.

I am the mad angry dog, bared teeth, frothing at the mouth
Calm finger on the trigger, wishing things would go south
Near the ashes of the farm, the livestock on burnt grass well fed
Unbothered by rouge sunset clouds, missing the flames burning red.

"No One's Coming"

They don't have a plan and they never did
Waiting for their action your wounds you hid
All for nothing as it festered and rot
They never spent for you a second thought.

They told you to wait and so wait you did
Any rash actions they did you forbid
It's all in motion, their revolution
"A final end to your persecution"

It was never going to come, my love
They never had a plan for you, my love
Never a strategy, or a blueprint-
All just shallow talk to stop your death-sprint
To genuine activism's embrace.

Permanently sick right in the belly
You cannot dilly you cannot dally
It's a freefall from birth's unrailed rooftop,
Flailing down to meet death's pavement fullstop

In the great marketplace of violence
Let no fist go unheard in meek silence.
I may disagree wholly with your view
But not with your god-given right to strew
The streets with specks of your disputants' blood,
May all debates end with brawls in the mud.

Morality is your shortened chuckles-
The contemplation whether it's worth it.
Morality is my reddened knuckles-
The defeat of your vengeful will to wit.
It's your screaming self-preservation drive
Notifying your body's injuries.
May the one win who cares not to survive
May the weak beg for the beating to cease.

My throat was dry jagged wood
And in the valley of my ribcage
The shape of my skin-covered heart peeked out
Beating away as I prodded at it with my fingers.
You, who believe many superstitions,
Do you believe also in curses that come from the soul?

"Disaster Politics"
The glasses we wear are not tinted with rose
But adorned with thorns that blind us;
Let us scurry along, butcher the first scapegoat we find,
Raze its herd, set the farmhouse on fire.
Once we are the only ones left breathing with our hands steeped in red
But the storm of locusts has not stopped yet,
We will change the cause from wrath that the scorned incurred
And declare it a test of our self-proclaimed pure faith.

"Another One to the Cowardly Bastards"

Onto my soul your myriad shapes I imprint
Until they blend together and to leave deign
No recognizable form on the surface, no hint
So it looks no different than a ragged terrain
Roughness without rhyme, without reason
Indiscernable pattern, drought out of season.

“A Million Sophoclean Tales”

Even Polyneices who had aided
Thebes' enemies and with them invaded
His own city and his own motherland,
And spilled his own blood- his own brother's and
Was thus declared unworthy of a grave
Had been buried still by his sister brave.
Antigone, even lands without war
Are still reenacting your tragic chore,
Not for traitors of their nation and nor
Any whose crime is worse than living for
Their love and their body's autonomy-
Treated as the divine's antonymy-
Homosexuals, transgenders denied
Funerals and tombs after they have died.

"Yes, they're entertainers. It's tradition."
"They entertain?"
"Yes, they're celebrated. It's tradition."
"They entertain?"

"They sing and dance, from childhood often too."
"With ‘entertainment’, that's all meant by you?"
"They entertain, they are celebrated."
"But they live in communes as they're hated?
And when these communes struggle to survive?
What happens to kids when rich men arrive?"
"They entertain. They sing and then they dance."
"Are you leaving out something else, perchance?"
"They do beg too, if you so want to know!"
"Children who don't in a family grow
What happens when come the rich men with dough?
"Look, we're more humane than the west, for we
Kill thee not but merely amputate thee.
Never will we our 'culture' allow
To accept as normal the likes of thou.
So go take your exile and take it well.
My thoughts on more important issues dwell."

Hope is the great festering plague that kills
A thousand souls that ignore the world's ills
And dream of a future peaceful and calm
And this unreal dream they use as balm
To slather over unfulfilled rebellion's ache
And to take no stand for self-preservation's sake

Random divine clerical error sends
You and your devout kin to lowest hell
The devil gladly their flesh and mind rends
But you somehow escape your fiery cell
And you escape the circles, count them nine
And you scale white heaven's high pearly gate
And you find the angels so pure and fine
And you inform them of your clan's sad fate
How the undeserving toil far below
How they burn despite their faith and good deeds
Hoping remedy as they come to know
How the righteous man divine mercy pleads
But the angels passive, unconcerned say
"You escaped yourself, they too will one day."

(On how the success or survival of a handful of individuals from a marginalized community is used to discredit concerns for their wider oppression even when said individuals suffer the same oppression)

Those who beg for acceptance on their knees,
Like domesticated canines shake tail-
Instead of taking what's theirs as they please,
They set themselves up to forever fail.

They walk over their kin for scraps of praise,
Dogs fighting for bones under the table.
They scorn the activists who voices raise-
Much less raise arms, ever incapable.

I asked not for a dinner party, nor silken gloves
You who sleep on sheets of silk and feast on butchered doves
I asked for the survival of my powerless kin
And denied it, I will destroy all that could have been

“Khagrachhari”

We steal rhetoric from colonizers
From the west who had said the same of us.
We become genocides' sanitizers,
We steal from white men what they did discuss
Among themselves to demonize our lot.
Queer deaths we call decolonizing thought
While colonizing indigenous land,
Claiming their resisters do bite the hand
That feeds them, which in reality thieves
All their land and in return nothing leaves.

The imperial boomerang returns
When comes its time, long will the lesson last
And I hope then our gory nation burns
Again for forgetting so soon the past.

"Dig a Pit for Your Expectations"

How many of your heroes can you kill?
How much more gore can you spill?
How many more autopsies can you do?
To discover they always lacked guts, and a spine too?

How many more of your idols, your icons?
Can you stand to butcher all your glorified pantheons?
How many more pedestals are there left?
Other than the ones that raised them once but lie now bereft.

Dry dust blocks out the sun,
Power's gone too, can't see its past image,
You can't see it in your mind's eye
No, nor can I, the memories fade
No sunset for you and me, baby
Never was it there for us to set
So repeat and I'll repeat after you
"The orange sphere and the clouds red"
But your voice is gone, my hearing too
And the silence is all there to be had

There's an inherent humiliation
When to prove wrong your flimsy dictation
That I possess a life untouched by woe
I have to open my bandages and show
Scars and present my sob story to you
While your ignorance you keep on to spew

"Survival Privilege"

My name is not my own,
Nor are my raiments or my documents.
As I walk the circus walks with me
Spectators follow and vultures fly in waiting overhead.
I walk over my friends, my siblings
Withered from thirst, from the heat;
I take sips from my unshared bottle
And let their bones crush beneath my feet.
There is no direction here, other than the mirage to follow
I stumble toward that heavenly illusion of the sand
If it was real I would have no place in there
This soul is naught but hollow.

Lost and captive themselves they find
In mazes of their ancestors' making,
They don't tear the walls down- they don't leave it behind,
In change they find fear and their spirit they find lacking,
They fall in love with the enclosed space, forsaking fortitude
And to survive, with glee they chew on the corpses of their unruly brood.

“মরিবার তরে”

Ants do grow wings before they die
But that's their nuptial flight, they fly
To fulfill what they deem to be
Their life's purpose as they so see.
So go ahead, grow wings, my friend-
Boldly embrace dignified end.

"Pink White Blues"

Welcome to the rest of your life:
A bare knuckle fistfight for the scraps of your humanity.
Adapt to the violence with which it's rife
Hear the pacifists cry "Oh, what a pity! Oh, what a pity!"
Look at the shit-grinning self-satisfied pricks,
Delusioned that patting your head
Vindicates them of their oppressive acts.
The leash that on your neck they want to affix-
The dog food they force down your throat as snacks.
Welcome to the rest of your life:
While others see you as the bearer of plague and flee
Those that violate your body, act insulted at your strife-
Seeking gratitude and demanding to be repaid by glee.

I will let you know should I ever feel good,
My feelings otherwise do ruin your mood.
I can not bleed from the world's whipping
I can not be morose, nor be seen weeping.
I hope you'll find someone with more cause for joy,
Someone whose sadness would not your mood destroy,
Someone you can see as less of a weight,
I could not be her - as would dictate fate.

Liberation is your willingness to
Slaughter and suffer and succumb to doom-
To surpass their appetite and outdo
Them in their game whenever they resume
The bloodshed, to drown them in gory sea-
To make the trouble not worth the high fee.
Liberation is knowing how to die,
The half-blind slave gouging the master's eye.

"I'll Kill Innocent People if the State Starts Putting LGBTs in Jail and Nobody Says Anything About It Prominently Like How Nobody Said Jackshit When Hijra Shelters Got Attacked"

As my existence is proclaimed a vice
I am the "acceptable sacrifice"
Who rejects the knife of the temple priest
I am the undignified struggling beast.

Those who are dwarfed by the "greater good"
A much baser evil become they should.

So the social contract forgot
To include you and your whole lot?
Tear up the paperwork and then
Gouge the lawyer's eyes with a pen.
Put poison in your partner's food
And spare not even your own brood.
Introduce the senator's skull
To a hammer that's just as dull.
Dead critters in the water tank,
With illness may they rot and rank.
Set fire to the preacher's house
(With plenty napalm first it douse).
Derail the train with bombs and then
Snuff the remaining men-women.
Die if you have no options left
But their world you better leave cleft.

- "No Sunset for You to Ride into"

There will be no utopia left uncorrupted
No heaven left untouched
No paradise to offer you respite, no
Never an abroad that won't turn into your home
With all the horrors and suffering that ails it.
You will never outrun the fetid rot of fascism
Sooner or later, after it has infected the world
And there is no more land nor sea left to traverse
You will have to fight, or you will have to give in.

I am not the Phoenix, but the Ouroboros,
In my rebirths, I don't get to fly,
I don't get to soar away from the ashes but
Bite, chew and swallow through the flesh, the entrails
Of life in its constant, destructive state.

I hope one day the ultimate death,
Will come for the bird and for me, the lowly snake.
And if hell exists awaiting with another cycle,
I know I will meet you there.
And as my scales melt, you can say, "You deserve this"
And as your feathers burn, I will tell you, "You deserve it too".

I wrote a shite poem. "Poor Little Mass Murderer"
...
Once a man with an assault rifle armed
Walked into a crowd and opened fire
Until the ammo drowning cries of the harmed
Ran out, to the gratitude of the surviving choir.

Then came the ambulance, paramedics rushing
To the dead, the wounded, the trampled over
The man bemoaned, voice with grief crushing
"Oh, you sad lot, of your own hypocrisy prover.

Claim ye be the savior of the ailing horde
Yet only the bleeding you rush toward
Dislocated my shoulder heavy recoil of gun
Deserve not I, to have any treatment done?"

“The Praxis of Evil”

Subjected to sufficient social stress
People become monsters and thus commit
Acts of extreme horrors that dispossess
Safety from the ones who were promised it.

If as casualty your leaders view
All the plight that afflicts your kin and you,
It's your moral obligation to make
Their lives into casualty in turn-
Even if so just for urgency's sake,
It's how you make your problems their concern.

"নন্দলাল-গিরি"

The fishes wind up dead on the shore,
The heat has killed the oxygen in the water,
The fishes wind up dead on the shore,
And they tell me the world moves slow,
The fishes wind up dead on the shore,
And they tell me I should bide my time,
The fishes wind up dead on the shore,
And they tell me I can live my life later,
The fishes wind up dead on the shore,
And they tell me I can love my love later
The fishes wind up dead on the shore,
And this land will go beneath the sea in a few years,
The fishes wind up dead on the shore,
And they ask me "Aren't you scared of getting butchered?"

"ওরাও তো মানুষ" কইয়া কামাই করে ফেলছেন

Should I bow down to you, kind liberal
While shuddering with delight visceral
That you recognize my humanity?
Oh me, what generous insanity!
Should I celebrate? Serve you with a dance?
Offer my collar-leash to hold, perchance?

Oh, my blood is the same color as yours?
Nothing the similarity assures.
Animals bleed red too, butcher away,
Don't let a color stop you in your way.

This self-gratifying humanism of yours
Is worth less to me than a quack's cures.
I want my rights, not just share your species,
Better than you are those worms in feces.
Your humanism does not let us live free
Humiliates us for survival's fee.

If this is not the world that you seek to destroy,
With all its injustices, all the horrors that its facets pervade
If this is the world that suits you fine, then don't be coy-
This is the world that you have made.
You are not an insect stuck in the amber of your time,
You are the jeweler, you are the customer.
Do not feign helplessness as you carry out your legal crime
You are not the hapless peasant, you are the ruler.

Wrote a shitty poem, "Kill Me Before the Tectonic Plates Move".
I'm the shadow on the wall of the cave
Covered in tar and forced to dance
To be your fears and your fantasies
Keep you looking, pelting those stones at me
So, don't glance back at the entrance to see
Which class poisons the air
And which class boils the sea

Have my lot's lives no high inherent worth.
Suffer so many more on this harsh earth.
Nonetheless the drive we have to survive
And citing the ones worse off you deprive
Us our rights and so ask: "Why should I care?"
As of now, you should not, I do declare.

But I'll make you, if things get bad enough,
Your lovers, your families will I snuff.
Make fear and insecurity your air,
Gift your present grief and future despair.
And lament as you the chaste's deaths unfair,
Repeat will I your truth: "Why should I care?"

"What's Coming"

Riddle me this, riddle me that,
What ravenous parasite fat
Turns its host too into a parasite and
A symbiosis of injustice does fund.

These are the dwindling years of the regime
All of us are aware, none of us do prepare
For the storm and the flooding bloodstream.

“Homophobes are the Fingers of Dajjal”

Demogorgon wears a suit and a tie
And he says "Slaves should beget slaves and die".
Your love is not profitable to him.
It might the working population trim.

The more that there are desperate for jobs
The lesser can capitalists pay them,
This is how the devil your labor robs
But first you must the “damn faggots” condemn

Trapped in regulations meant to inspire
Productivity maximization,
A thousand lovers thrown to pits of fire
For higher density population.

Fools’ game is anti-natalism, friend
But pro-natalism's a mean to an end.

"Worm's Pride"

Inside the hollowed out carcasses of tyrannical giants long perished,
Flesh consuming maggots scrap for the remaining meat.
They feast on the rotten entrails and proclaim,
"Fear us. Respect us. Bow your head down for us.
For are we not colossal too?"

Hellfire was easier for me to bear
Than vacant sterilized purgatory,
Better was the pain this body did sear
Than your soul-crushingly boring quarry

Brutality will answer brutalism-
All the intellectual theories
And all the research papers of fascism
That justify the manmade miseries
Inflicted on my people will be lost
To the fiery orange and the black frost

“the sun and the moon sicken and disgust me”

if i could grab hold of that parasite
feeding on starshine, ugly cratered sight
hidden as if to manipulate us-
begging with its made up face, all shameless,
pleading for affection, adoration-
that foulsome force of sailors' damnation...
i'd fling it into its cuckold mate and
free myself from that obsessive rotund

and if i could reach that gaudy paypig
lavishing greedy earth with golden beams,
acting like the sugar daddy bigwig,
i would demean it till its spirit dims,
make its face pale and leave its ego dwarfed
and i'd rest happy in a dark unmorphed

Regarding Fragile Middle and Upper Class Attitude Toward Hijra People

.....

"Fie" say the lords and ladies "Fie, ye lot: depraved"
So say they to the denied, those they have enslaved
Those who are of life's joys and chances: deprived
By the rulers, for living by their means, are jived and rived

Come and Get Me

.....

My capability for violence out-exceeds thine
If my flesh be bricks of temple, let the shrine
Then be an altar with offerings of my own
Knuckles decorated with blood, flesh and bone
Splinters from your face biting into my skin
This the holy ground where liberations end and begin.

"No Love Under Capitalism"

As you say:
Undeserving of happiness, slithering on its body,
We vile worms feed on dead and rotten humanity.
Love a decadent luxury for us maggots, mere vanity
But you are a maggot too, if maggots we would be.

So then why would we allow you them to retain
When our own lovers you would rather have slain?

Why would we not enter your home as we burn?
If you set us ablaze: how fire does spread you'll learn.

On the platforms of your performed hate
As fills up the money your enlarged sack
You will find one day, if so too late:
Some of these queers do bash back

"Desecrating Tablilla”

My dream is not to wash away with tears
The moving finger's crooked writs nor plead
It to keep imaginary my fears
But my blotted ink's body to exceed
Dimensions of its paper and make bleed
That insolent digit, its scornful speed.

And I would then write such happier tales
And all boats would reach home that had set sails.
All wrongs accounted for, apologized.
Open endings, estrangements cauterized.
The drafts of all stories reworked, revised.
All fanfictions, neat endings- canonized.

“Hammer Girl from Raid 2”

I AM THOR ODINSDOTTIR AND THIS BE
MY OWN RIGHTEOUS HAMMER WHICH UPON THEE
SHALL BESTOW GRAND DIVINE JUDGEMENT OF GODS
RUN NOT FROM ME YE WRETCHED KNAVELY SODS
FACE ME OR GET THEE TO DAMP AND COLD HEL
IS THIS THEN HOW THY ANCESTORS TOO FELL
IS THIS HOW THOU DOST HONOR THY FOREBEARS
THOU LIVEST SO TO BRING SHAME TO THY HEIRS
MY LIGHTNING SHALL FOLLOW THEE FROM THE ROOTS
TO CANOPY BEARING YGGDRASIL'S FRUITS
AND SO LET THE WORLDTREE'S DARK BARK THUS BURN
FOR NOT HAVING THEE BY ITS OWN SELF SPURN
AND SO LET ITS NINE BRANCHES LOSE THEIR LEAVES
AS MY THUNDER AND STORM ITS STEM SO HEAVES

I will have my body donated to you all after I die
Cleaved into little pieces and sent around the globe
You can have meat from the thigh, my right or left eye
A part of my useless brain, maybe the frontal lobe.

Put the meat in the freezer or dry it if you get a bone
Eat it or encase it in glass to display
A little bit of me for everyone to own
A little bit of possession to make everyone's day.

"I Don't Hide My Hate"

I want to see your golden city burn
And the molten metal to flood its streets and drown you.
I want to loiter in the ruins of your civilization
And defecate on the thrones of your leaders
And wipe the excrement off myself
With the pages of your constitution
That may as well just be blank
As you twist its words and meanings to your accomodation
As long as it allows you to trade compliance for comfort.

My sweetest dreams are of apocalypse
Intimate violence on cosmic scale
Mine will be the mighty right hand that rips
The sun and the moon from that domey veil
And a billion crying voices will plead
For mercy to which I will pay no heed
And in the darkness of all our demise
Shall we receive our well deserved just prize

If you'll be no more than a product of your time
Then I shall endeavor to be your expiration date.
You've been rotting inside your packaging, turning into slime
To be thrown among the garbage is your fate.

But you're not a straw that floats along the flow of time's river,
You're the dam that makes its progress stop,
History you find inconvenient, and the future makes you quiver,
Because on the pyramid of hierarchy, you balance yourself on its rooftop.

"40 Years Old Grindr Guy"
You live a coward's life, love a coward's love
The marriage of apathy and the stillborn dove
Spineless back withers on the convenient bed
Disinterested, each other to dull decay led

But the Dictatorship Continued

"Congratulations, kid. The regime will follow
The demands you fought for, that you on the table set."
If this is victory indeed, why does winning feel so hollow?
Is this all we sought or was there something more to get?

"We worry about you. Are you alright?"
When the sun expands and shrinks back to night,
The universe climbing entropy's height
Reaches equilibrium and with fright
Whimpers its last as it gives up the fight:
I will still be there, taking in the sight.
My concerned friend, of course I am alright.

Wrote a shite poem

...

You made my body the walking cenotaph of my own unformed soul.
Why should I dread my own grave then, I who played its role?
I laugh at your face now: murderer-mourner, cleaver with the wish to console-
Accepting only my own condolences, if I break and remake myself whole.

Sacrilege of blood and border
Impasted on all holy grounds,
Here no fruitful tree will grow
Here is no gateway to heaven.
And this sphere of dirt will bear
These hypertrophic scars of wire
On its flesh as traumatic mementos
Of its dead and unforgiven tormentors.

Waterboarded by the social fabric
Who knows by which random metric
You and I are selected to be slain
Lest the fabric be torn in vain.

The fabric demands victims evermore,
And it wouldn't do to deplore
Those who after the torture is done may
Wear its threads well and wisely say:

"We must all preserve the social fabric."
"We must all preserve the social fabric."
"We must all preserve the social fabric."

What great wound does the social fabric hide?
What rule must you and I abide
To ignore the stench of the pus and rot?
From which store is the fabric bought?

This ornamental social fabric warms
Not the cold and the starving forms
Huddling together in the dark-
Let it be burnt with a life-giving spark.

"Violence Can't be Monopolized"

There are some events should they occur
There are some events should they recur
I would destroy the world with my bare hands
Poison the wells and scorch the lands
This is how the well being of me and mine
I make with yours aligned neatly in line

Beyond our appeals to civility
Laws and tolerance and tranquility
We know we are bullshitting each other
First chance we get the other we'll smother
To death with the pages of the social contract
The moment we drop our mutual flimsy act.

For no one believes in a cause
Unless they would kill for it
And no one believes in a cause
Unless they would die for it.

The camel can not chew
The straw on its back
Growing feeble with age
Neither mature nor wise
Eaten away by termites
Of events, experiences

Beware of the vultures of sorrow,
They clutch their pearls and with performance they shed
Their tears at your pain from dusk to morrow
But they will never help, they won't lift a finger instead.
For them your suffering is an art to consume,
They can only see you as predestined to doom
And when you try to stand, they'll kick you down
While they lament the cruel world they've built and frown .

Valiants Die a Thousand Deaths Too

All water is but poison to ingest.
Guillotine pillories for my head's rest.
I walk Spanish down the hall everyday.
The walls all concrete painted prison-gray.
The chairs are all electrical to me.
All familial, friendly ties- hangman's knot.
All rooms are tiny locked cells with lost key.
Awaiting the firing squad's call I rot.

“Come and See”

No need at all to admit your error
Continue with your stochastic terror
But first you'll be made to see, made to look
With eyes pried open, your gory bankbook
The deposits you've made, withdrawals too
Wrinkled skin notes, under light the veins blue
Images with entrails your mind let be bound:
The swarming flies around the gaping wound.

Let first the stink of our death make you ill
If playing with people's lives is your will
If you would strike the cheek then feel you must
The sting on your hand with the slap unjust
And if your conscience is unaffected
Make your memory horror-injected

Heroes' journeys end with their return home.
You had your adventure and returned
And now you do as Romans do in Rome.
But I'm the Roman slave that fought, then burned.
Under the sun's heat on the wooden cross,
There's no climax for me, there's only loss.

"Astropersonal Relationships"

O cosmic abuser, infernal heavenly Body
Angry ball of flame floating lonesome in the void,
Inflicting sight searing pain on all who dare glance at your face,
Does some alien child far solar systems away
On some life harboring planet look up to the night sky
And see you as her favorite twinkling star? Silver coated, five pointed?
I've filled so many pages with scribbles of your harmless pentagonal shape,
White soft dots keeping the moon company,
Do you feel the dread of death as you near your supernova stage?
Expanding, engulfing all other stellar objects in your path
In one last destructive act of rage?
As the black veil muffles their agonized shrilling,
Snuffing out countless civilizations that had once worshipped your might?

"Lizardly Comfort"

I am not the Phoenix, but the Ouroboros,
In my rebirths, I don't get to fly,
I don't get to soar away from the ashes but
Bite, chew and swallow through the flesh, the entrails
Of life in its constant, destructive state.

I hope one day the ultimate death,
Will come for the bird and for me, the lowly snake.
And if hell exists awaiting with another cycle,
I know I will meet you there.
And as my scales melt, you can say, "You deserve this"
And as your feathers burn, I will tell you, "You deserve it too".

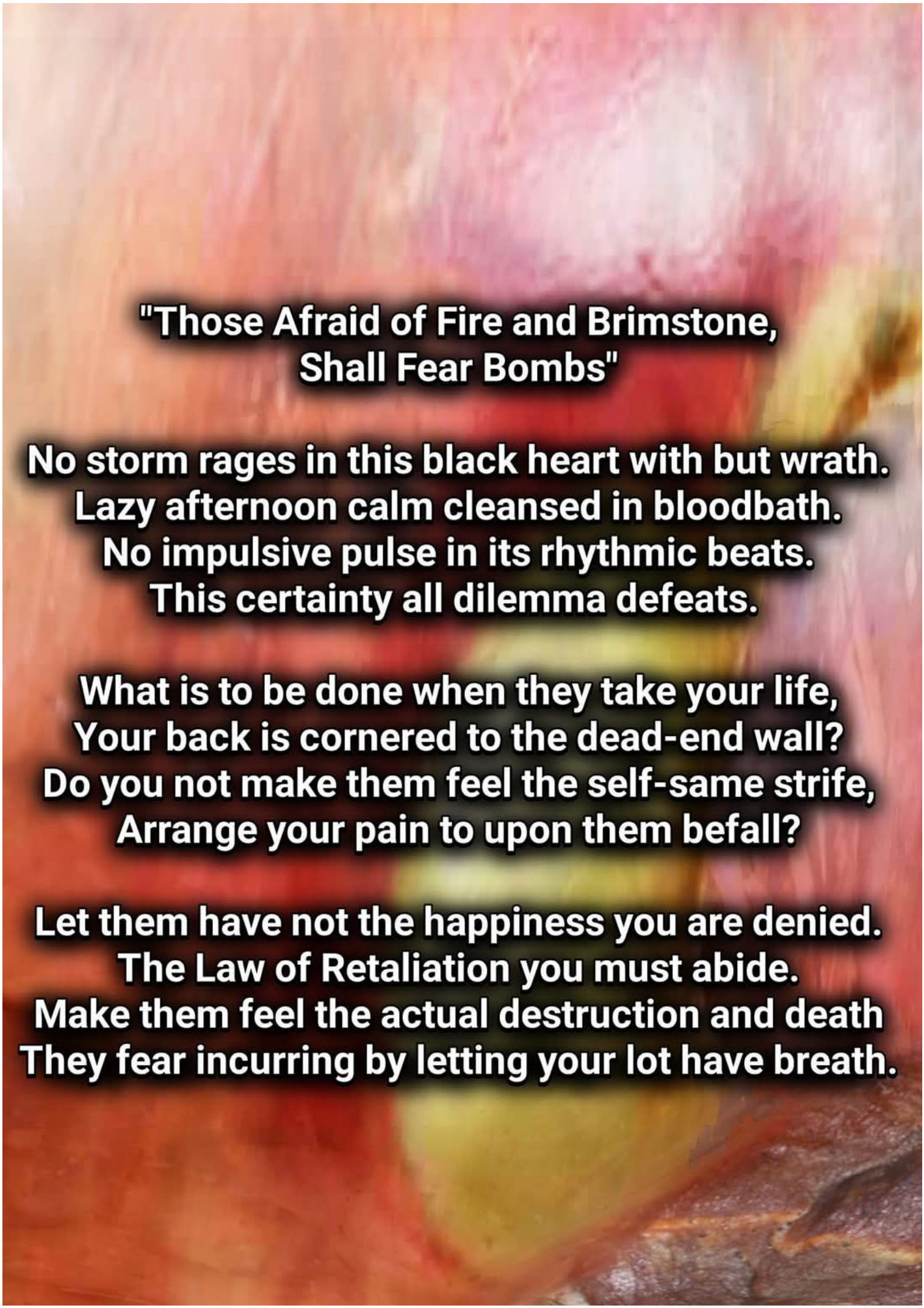
Incremental change,
Will you hang us with a silken rope replacing the one made of straw?
Incremental change,
Will you make it so that we are only drowned in water drinkable by law?
Incremental change,
Will you sharpen better the axe next time, lessen the blows, lessen the pain?
Incremental change,
Will you use now plenty gasoline, make the burning faster, more humane?
Incremental change,
Will you make sure the electricity courses much stronger through the chair?
Incremental change,
Will you give us anesthetics before the stoning to make it more fair?
Incremental change,
When you imprison us for life, will you give us cleaner captive space?
Incremental change,
Will you say much softer things, wear a much sweeter face?

Earth is an abscess on the cosmic face,
Its color the rot-blue of infection.
O giant asteroid coursing through space-
Savior needle, glance at our direction.

I am not the one with hubris beset
It is you, who claim I wrongness beget.
I'm not the prideful pharaoh, nor are you
A representative of Almighty.
I am the tiny insect that which flew
Into Nimrod's nose and brain cavity.
You are the cruel, vicious autocrat,
And the giant that shall fall to a gnat.

Misdiagnosing what ails the dying land
Misapplying poison in cure's stead
Half-learned men in their wisdom grand
Half-dug graves do make their bed

Underneath the boots our faces will meet
Numb and splattered, we'll be unable to tell
Our lips from one another, on concrete sheet
We bedmates, with blood our aubade will spell.
The street our blackboard, jawbones chalk dust
Oh how many childish doodles shall we make
The boots will keep kicking, as they always must
Only pain real for us our beating hearts' ache.


"Those Afraid of Fire and Brimstone,
Shall Fear Bombs"
No storm rages in this black heart with but wrath.
Lazy afternoon calm cleansed in bloodbath.
No impulsive pulse in its rhythmic beats.
This certainty all dilemma defeats.
What is to be done when they take your life,
Your back is cornered to the dead-end wall?
Do you not make them feel the self-same strife,
Arrange your pain to upon them befall?
Let them have not the happiness you are denied.
The Law of Retaliation you must abide.
Make them feel the actual destruction and death
They fear incurring by letting your lot have breath.

“Medea”

Shrink not, children mine, from your own mother,
I love you as I did love my brother.
Ask your father or any argonaut,
No mother be who loves her children not.
My sharp love that tore through Absyrtus' limbs
Is the selfsame love that your eyes now dims.
Did I love you not as I chased you two
With bitter potions to cure ailments too?
Mother's affection may hurt oftentimes
Some may also even call my deeds crimes
But as I slit your throats, fear me not, loves
My hands are of flesh beneath velvet gloves.
The liquid rubies that your skins did hide
Is the fare for your Elysium-ride.
From my womb you came, to Gaia's womb go
Mother Earth will shield you as I had so
From the monsters of the world who do seek
To shape my angels in their images bleak.
You'll never grow into Jason's rank face,
My sons' purity now preserved in grace.

Pufferfishes can't take no cyanide
Self-awareness the curse of guilty souls
Suffering can't absolve, make dignified
You in your eyes, no pain ever consoles.
Dusty and dry ribcage of the divine,
No mercy-heartsprings, or wrath-scour benign.

Intimately I've come to learn the shape
Of the living, breathing needle you've put inside my skin
And I've come to love it as it twists and turns,
It's a nice reminder, it's my well-familiar kin.